

## HOME READING.

## Only a Sprig of Holly.

For The Citizen.

Only a sprig of holly  
To mark the day  
When the snow lay  
On the roof and the trees  
And the holly berries  
Were red and the leaves  
Were green and the birds  
Were singing.

My cheeks were blushing  
And my heart was beating  
When I saw the sprig of holly  
That you had brought me  
From the garden of your home  
And the holly berries  
Were red and the leaves  
Were green and the birds  
Were singing.

And when I kissed you  
And the holly berries  
Were red and the leaves  
Were green and the birds  
Were singing.

My heart said, it is an omen  
That this day is to be  
The day when you will marry me  
And the holly berries  
Will be red and the leaves  
Will be green and the birds  
Will be singing.

And I the gift of holly  
An offering on my breast  
With only one red berry  
I need not tell the rest.

—Henry C. Hayden Boston, Mass.

## Forward.

Forward, waiting for darkness with sorrowful  
eyes, and the valley bemoaning the day that  
is done.

Forward, eastern mountains and welcome the rosy  
dawn.

Forward, yet was the setting so fair as the rising  
sun.

Forward, the past; its treasures we hold in our  
hands for aye.

Forward, the hand that would scatter our wreath  
of flowers.

Forward, blessing and honor will come with the  
morning day.

Forward, to-morrow, nor tarry with Yesterday's  
ghostly hours!

Forward, the summers hasten through blossoming  
fields of June.

Forward, the purple lanes of the vintage and levels of  
the corn.

Forward, of life I lavish, runs nature's mystical  
stream.

Forward, the morn press to follow and the rarest are  
your morn.

Forward, you eager the earth is and every star that  
shines.

Forward, the grander spaces about God's throne  
are laid.

Forward, the least moon lingers not the largest sun  
declines.

Forward, they roll forever those glorious depths  
of blue.

Forward, waiting for darkness with sorrowful  
eyes.

Forward, and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost  
thou repine?

Forward, hills of morning and welcome the rosy  
dawn.

Forward, of the boundless future—nay, God him-  
self is there!

—Elihu Dean Procter in the *Manhattan*.

## Sea Yarns.—No. 13.

BY EDWARD.

A steady, heavy and cold rain fell dur-  
ing the afternoon, accompanied by a falling  
barometer. At sundown it cleared slightly  
but a heavy fog set in after dark, the bar-  
ometer still continuing to go down. By  
midnight it was stationary. At half past  
two in the morning I was roused from my  
sleep by a noise on deck that told me some-  
thing was wrong. I started at once to call  
the captain, when at that moment, the vessel  
gave a heavy lurch that his swinging  
lamp struck the ceiling and woke him.  
He was on deck in a moment, where the  
main hatch was flying around get-  
ting out of sail, all in confusion, leaving one  
of the main masts loosened, to run to another,  
when a heavy squall with

gale force, and in ten minutes the light sails  
were down and we were soon down to the  
tostles, which we hugged in the teeth of the  
most squall yet encountered. Several  
times fellows afterwards passed astern,  
and on a steady gale came lasting the rest  
of the day.

About an hour after dinner I laid down  
to rest, as also did the captain. At three  
o'clock the vessel gave a tremendous lurch,  
and I was within a foot of the sea. As I  
was on the side of the vessel, where I had  
been thrown through the port I saw that  
the water, just then a sharp report, like  
the crack of a pistol shot, came from the  
mainmast. I wondered what had given away.  
Just then time to speculate, as my trunk  
was still bottom up, and creeping on top  
of it. At that moment the vessel righted  
and the water out of my bunk. Before this  
the mainmast had reached the deck and found  
the other main boom lifted had been carried  
away, and the mate was in the act of low-  
ering the peak halliards.

One of the boom are fastened to  
the mainmast on each side. These run  
up the mast, and are fastened at the mainmast  
by a hook. They are called the main boom  
ropes, and are used to hold the boom off  
the mast. Only one is hauled taut at a  
time, and the other is slack. The other  
boom is slack, and the slack fastened to  
the mainmast, generally, so as to be out  
of the way and not to chafe the mainmast.  
It is the windward, or lift that was taut,  
and when the boom went under the  
mainmast, the whole weight of the  
boom was upon the sail, the greatest strain  
being on the peak. Mr. Stone was in the  
boat, and the peak was in the act of low-  
ering the peak halliards.

During the afternoon the wind, moderated  
to a 4 knot breeze, sinking towards mid-  
night to nearly a calm. A long heavy  
swell has taken the place of the choppy,  
coastal sea, that has drenched us for some  
time past, and continued until near morn-  
ing. At midnight the brig was run off a  
point, and the fore and aft sails set, but we  
made only a light day of it. It was a  
beautiful starlight night with a nearly full  
moon and almost cloudless sky; the first  
really pleasant night we have had since  
we left this same region to go around  
the Cape of Good Hope on our way to New  
Zealand. It seems like coming home, to  
reach a civilized region again.

The wind freshened towards morning and  
blew quite strongly, the barometer continu-  
ing still steadily. The morning was fine  
and warm and bright and with scarce a rip-  
ple on the sea.

Mrs. L's fine dog, a young retriever eight  
months old, which she was carrying home  
as a present to her father, has disappeared,  
where is not known, but probably during  
the late heavy weather, when the seas filled  
our decks continuously, he may have ven-  
tured out of his bunk in the foreward house

and been washed overboard through one  
of the open ports.

Tommy is in disgrace, I am sorry to say.  
He has been caught, or was thought to be  
caught, stealing soap, but it afterwards  
appeared as though he had a right to it.  
Tommy occupies the lower bunk in the sec-  
ond mate's room. Mr. Allen, the second  
mate, had purchased in New Zealand, a box  
of common laundry soap. Of this the cap-  
tain was not aware, so in passing the room  
this morning, and detecting Tommy in the act  
of stowing away some bars of soap in his  
bunk, he called out angrily:

"Look here, Tom! that won't do at all!"

Tom seemed to appreciate the fun of the  
situation, and looking up with a half white,  
half grin, said:

"I guess I'll have to do, sir! It's the  
best I can find, sir!"

At this point Mr. Allen stepped up and  
explained, and the captain walked away  
muttering something that sounded a good  
deal like "sold!"

The captain has the panels in the after  
cabin decorated with pictures of fruit. He  
has been in the habit of cutting out the  
fruit pieces on cans of fruit and pasting them  
on the panels, then covering with varnish.  
They look like decalcomaine, and set the  
cabin off nicely. Yesterday he found a  
picture of a "Greening apple," and put that  
up. When I came in I noticed that it had  
been put up upside down, and called his  
attention to it. He dipped the bath sponge in  
water and dampened the picture, which  
came off easily and was quickly replaced in  
a proper position. When through with the  
sponge he placed it in his chair at the desk  
(where he always sits evening) temporarily,  
until after supper, the bell just then sound-  
ing.

After supper, we retired to the after  
cabin. Mrs. L. joining us, while the mates  
eat their meal. The captain lighting his  
cigarette, sat down in his chair and leaned  
back lazily to enjoy his smoke, but straight-  
ened up quite suddenly, exclaiming:

"Bless me! is that rain?"

We all listened and heard distinctly the  
pattering drops of rain. Glancing at the  
captain I was surprised to see his face glow-  
ing with a bright crimson color, and a look  
of horrified astonishment in his eyes that  
made me think some new danger was  
menacing us, icebergs or something.

I noticed also that he was sitting in his chair  
in a very singular position, being tilted  
way to starboard, and at the same time try-  
ing to stealthily insinuate his left hand be-  
tween the seat and his posterior.

"Oh, my shoe's all wet!" said Mrs. L.

"Captain the ship's leaking!"

"No it's not, it's only me! Darn the  
sponge!" replied the captain, as he made a  
bee-line for the bath room. He had sat  
down on the wet sponge, and — — —!

## The Tramp's Delmonico.

In the Fourth ward is a restaurant which  
has been nicknamed "The Tramp's Dele-  
monico," and which, considering the wages  
of labor in this country, is probably the  
cheapest eating house in the world. The  
bill of fare comprises no less than thirty  
items, twenty-nine of which range from one  
to five cents, the thirtieth (ham and eggs),  
being ten cents. For example, a cup of tea  
or coffee costs one cent, a bowl of soup two  
cents, fried liver or roast beef three cents,  
beef or mutton stew, corned beef and cab-  
bage, beefsteak or pork and beans, four  
cents; veal cutlet, roast mutton or chicken  
stew, five cents. The restaurant is a large  
and well lighted room, having two large win-  
dows looking out on the street. The floor is  
sprinkled with clean sawdust. The tables,  
covered with white oilcloth, are also clean,  
and the cups and dishes are quite as well  
washed as those in many a far more preten-  
sive establishment. No smoking is allowed  
and no bad language or quarrelling; but it  
is seldom that the attention of the guests  
has to be drawn to these rules.

There is accommodation for about forty  
persons at the tables, but it is only morn-  
ings and evenings that the place is crowded.  
On the other hand, unlike most eating  
houses, there is never an hour in the day  
when ten or a dozen men and women may not  
be found there. The portions are not exactly  
gigantic, but, considering the price, they are  
not so very small, and a "regular dinner"  
at twelve cents would be sufficient to com-  
fortably fill up a man of average food carry-  
ing capacity.

The proprietor is a lady, and a young lady  
assistant frequently takes the place at the  
desk, which is, however, generally filled by  
the manager, an intelligent and good natured  
looking Italian, a relative of the proprietor.  
In reply to the reporter's inquiries the man-  
ager said: "Most of our customers are Ger-  
mans or Italians. We have also a fair  
sprinkling of Irish, but not a great many  
Americans. It would be a mistake to sup-  
pose that most of our customers are tramps.  
There are some of that order no doubt, but  
you can easily distinguish them, for there is  
a peculiar air about a tramp quite different  
to that of a man out of work." Three out  
of the dozen present had a decidedly tramp-  
like look; three others were very respect-  
ably dressed; the balance, including two  
women, looked like ordinary working people.

"Of course," continued the manager,  
"with our low prices the margin is very  
small, and the most careful management is  
necessary; but there is no other secret in  
our success than that which brings it in  
every kind of eating house, which is, that  
we use good materials, cook them decently  
and serve them cleanly. It is a great mis-  
take to suppose that because a man is  
obliged to go to the cheapest eating house  
he can find that he ceases to appreciate  
these points."

Heading the reporter into the yard where  
at a large table a young man was fashion-  
ing all shapes and sizes of joints into  
"portions," the manager continued: "Here  
is the meat, and I don't think you will find  
a tainted piece in the whole lot." (The report-  
er failed to do so.) On one side of the  
table stood a tub half full with brains. "We  
give fried brains for four cents," said the  
manager; "the very same dish and just as  
good as that I used to charge thirty-five  
cents for when I kept a large down town  
restaurant a few years ago." — *New York  
Telegram*.

A Walla Walla, W. T., man claims to  
have picked over 8,000 pounds of straw-  
berries from less than two acres of vines  
this season.

It is observed that Miss Hurst of the  
Georgia "magnetic girl," though exerting  
her powers habitually passes her hands  
through her baggy, perhaps her strength,  
like Samson's, lies in her hair.

## The Rival Whalers.

"Yes, yes, I remember the time, mates,"  
said Tom Clewline, as he took a sip from  
his can in the fore-cabin of the "Saucy Nancy,"  
and set it down again. "Then times is gone  
by I tell you. All Yankee commerce wasn't  
driven under foreign flags then and it grinds  
a true Yankee sailor to own that it's so now.  
What a whaling fleet they used to send out  
of Marblehead, Martha's Vineyard, Nan-  
tucket and New Bedford!"

"Lord, mates, when I think of it now, it  
almost makes me ready to cuss an' quit. It  
wasn't a question then where a sailor would  
get a chance to ship, but where to get a  
sailor—and that's the way it stood when  
Capt'n Tom Slawson, of the 'Mary Ann,'  
and Capt'n Ned Norley, of the bark  
'Cetacean,' was fitting out at the same time  
out of Nantucket, and both of them was  
wild to get men."

"Me and my mate, Ralph Racket, struck  
the town together and made all sail for the  
Sailors' Home. 'Twasn't so much of a  
home, neither when you come to figure it  
down, and the grog they built would just  
lift the deck off a sailor man's head."

"And the landlord was a long geared, slab-  
sided, lantern-jawed son of freedom, and  
he'd shanghaied more men than any crimp  
from Cape Cod to the Haven. But we  
knew'd him, love your heart alive, and he  
couldn't rake in an old salt like me."

"I says, says I to him, 'Benny, my sweet-  
scented rose, I'm a-going to ship, and so is  
my mate, but we don't want any of your  
foolishness. The old men know me, and  
they know Ralph Racket, and I want a har-  
poon, and so does he.'"

"Old Benny knew it wasn't no use to  
palaver such as we, so he jest come down  
like a monkey out'n a tree."

"Oh, stow that!" says I to him. "Go in-  
to the cabin, and jest say to them cap'tins  
that Tom Clewline and Ralph Racket want  
to ship; that's all you've got to say to them."

"He hadn't fairly closed the scuttle when  
old man Slawson come in with a bounce  
that fairly made the decks shake, and you  
never see such a friendly man with his  
grog. But he hadn't got fairly down to  
his work when in come Cap'n Ned, crazy to  
see us, and I thought he'd shake my hand  
off, and he loved Racket just as well. Then  
they set to work, and to hear them talk you'd  
a-thought that the craft each one sailed was  
an earthly paradise and the other a hell  
afoat. I only just winked at 'em and says:

"Now, see here, you two skippers are  
good men, and I don't care which I ship  
with. If you wasn't a church member,  
Captain Tom, I'd ask you to sit down and  
play a game of old sledge to see which on  
you took us."

"I'm for it," said Captain Ned, but old  
Tom ain't game to do it."

"Bring in the papers!" roared old Tom.  
"I ain't handled the sinful things in twenty  
years, but if you think I'm going to lose two  
good men, then I'm a lubber!"

"So they set in, and for a member of  
church, old man Slawson rattled the papers  
in a way that would have astonished a car-  
dinal. Boys, he flaxed Cap'n Ned sinful,  
and he went out of that the maddest man  
you ever see. So Cap'n Tom laughed until  
the windows rattled, and got out his papers,  
and we signed with a good 'ay, and said  
we'd send our kits aboard the next morning.  
Then he went away, and we didn't have a  
good time that night, I reckon! I never  
was so full in my life and me and Ralph  
went outside to cool off, and there we met  
the landlord."

"Pity you didn't ship with Cap'n Ned,"  
he says. "If you had you'd a-been out of  
this when the tide makes. I say, I've sent  
your traps aboard."

"I didn't know what business the old  
shad had to meddle, anyhow; but I didn't  
care in his blamed old figure-head, as I  
order done. We strolled down toward the  
decks, and Ralph, who was sailing a little  
closer to the wind than me, said that the old  
crimp was following us."

"When I turned to run across his bows,  
and give him a shot between wind and  
water, the lubber clapped on all sail and run  
before the wind, and I didn't steer well  
enough to run him down; so we luffed up,  
and stood away on another tack, and went  
down to take a look at the two whalers; and  
somehow, now we'd shipped in the 'Mary  
Ann,' both on us wished we was in the  
'Cetacean.'"

"She was a ripper, I tell you, and Cap'n  
Ned had the name of a lucky skipper—  
though for that matter so had old Tom.  
After awhile we took a seton by a lot,  
spars, and before we knewed it we was fast  
asleep. I don't know how long we slept,  
but I s'ung out to Ralph Racket:

"Shipmate, ahoy! I can't get my bearing.  
Whereaway are we now?"

"Dunno," said Ralph; "but if we ain't  
board ship, I'm a Kanaka!"

"We felt round a little, and made out we  
was in the run of a ship, and a mighty big  
one, too, and calculating there was no help  
for it, we went to sleep again. Pretty soon  
a scuttle opened, and a rough sea voice  
sung out:

"Rouse, you sleepers! Away you go  
on deck!"

"We tumbled up, and the minnit we  
touched the deck I knowed we was on the  
'Cetacean,' and there was Cap'n Ned with  
a grin on him as wide as the main-hatch.  
The land lay like a blue cloud over the rail,  
and the 'Cetacean' was bowling along be-  
fore an eight knot breeze under all canvas."

"Well, lads," says Cap'n Ned, "I know'd  
you'd ship with me when you come to think  
it over."

"I said we'd signed articles with the skip-  
per of the 'Mary Ann.'"

"I reckon you ain't got the grog out of  
your pecker yet, Tom," he says. Bring out  
them articles, Mr. Carey."

"The first mate brought the articles, and  
there we was, in black and white, down as  
harpooners, with a little better lay than we  
got in the 'Mary Ann.'"

"We was after the bowheads and made  
for Baffin's Bay. 'Taint no use to tell you  
about the v'yage, but we had good winds  
and were on the fishing grounds early. We  
didn't meet a ship for over a week, but one  
day we made out a sail, and as she rose  
Cap'n Ned could make out a patch in the  
forest that told him it were the 'Mary Ann.'"

"You want to look out for that lubber,  
you two," he says to me and Ralph. "Like  
enough he'll want to kick up a row and claim  
you."

"But Cap'n Tom didn't do it—nothin'  
of the kind. He came aboard and took his  
grog with Cap'n Ned, was pleasant as  
could be, and after that we cruised in com-

pany for over a week, and had good luck  
among the bowheads."

"But one day Cap'n Ned took a boat  
and went aboard the Mary Ann. He didn't  
take me nor Ralph because he knew Cap'n  
Tom had the right to us, and he didn't know  
what he might do if we went on board.  
They had a boat over the grog in the cabin  
and it was almost dark when Cap'n Ned  
came on deck, and the 'Mary Ann' had  
made sail, and was standing away from  
the 'Cetacean,' and the boat's crew Cap'n  
Ned brought was bobbing in her wake,  
pulling like devils, but losing ground all the  
time."

"What do you want, you old shark?"  
roared Cap'n Ned. "What's got into you?"

"I want my men," says Cap'n Tom.  
"When I go ag'n a law of the church and  
play a game of keeds for two men, I want  
them men. You hear me, my bazoo?"

"I won't give 'em up."

"Then I'll take you in the place of one  
of them. Stand by there to set stunsels;  
set stunsels aloft and aloft, Mr. Price." The  
'Mary Ann' can run away from the 'Ceta-  
cean' every day in the week, and you know  
it, Cap'n Ned."

"Cap'n Ned raved and danced, but it  
wasn't no use, and he had to write a note to  
the first mate, and sent it by his crew, tell-  
ing them to put out their kits on board, and  
send us to the 'Mary Ann.' We wasn't very sorry,  
cause we'd shanghaied aboard, and we was  
ready to go."

"Glad to see you, boys," says Cap'n  
Tom. "Twasn't your fault, I know, so you  
can have your rating. Go to the first mate  
and get your ratings."

"So Cap'n Ned climbed over the rail in-  
to his boat, and went back to the 'Cetacean'  
swearing vengeance. But them old chaps  
couldn't bear no malice; and when we met a  
gale in Honolulu, after we filled up, they had  
glorious time together; but all the Cap'tins  
had the laugh on Cap'n Ned. And when we  
struck Nantucket again the first thing I  
did was to give Benny, the crimp, a pair of  
black eyes that stayed by him for a month,  
jest because he shanghaied us."

## A Pretty Bride's Experiment.

I hold to be a truth constantly self-evident  
that every man will defend a woman  
against all men except himself. If you  
haven't noticed it already you have only to  
look for it an hour or so in any place of  
mixture of the sexes. (Clap your eyes on a  
pretty woman without male escort and two  
phenomena will become obvious. Firstly,  
there will be a large amount of open and  
covert staring at her, to all of which her  
obliviousness is of course only assumed.  
Secondly, if one of the stargers happens to  
realize that others are at the same game he  
will manifest plainly his disgust at such  
treatment of an unprotected beauty, utterly  
ignoring his own offense. A husband and  
wife got into a street car. The man was  
somewhat drowsy in dress. The woman was  
under twenty and as pretty as nature and  
art are in the habit of combining to produce.  
They were chatting on the very subject that  
I have here introduced.

"Perchance, dear," said she, "I will prove  
to you that I am right and take only ten  
minutes to do it, if you'll promise not to get  
angry about it."

"I closed the contract. Then she drew  
herself up, as though the husband sitting  
beside her was an entire stranger, and wait-  
ed for the car to fill with passengers at  
Union Square.

"Now," she whispered behind her fan,  
"observe how I am ogled when alone."

Within five minutes he saw that half a  
dozen masculine passengers, from hoary age  
to callow youth, eyed his bride with more  
or less audacity and several manifestly  
would not have needed the smallest begin-  
ning of a wink on her part to seize upon her  
then and there. That part of the exhibition  
was a triumph for the wife, but the most  
curious feature of her experiment remained  
to be tried.

"You certainly do seem to attract a great  
deal of admiration," said the husband, sup-  
posing that the pretended stargeness was  
at the end. She lifted her eyebrows in sim-  
ulated surprise, as though an impertinent  
fellow had unwarrantably accosted her, and  
pointedly turned her face away from him.  
He understood her now, and did not speak  
to her further. Next, she drew her shoul-  
der away from contact with his. By this  
time the spectators were believing that he  
was annoying her dreadfully, and scornful  
glances were aimed at him. A man arose  
from the opposite side. "Will you ex-  
change seats with me?" he very gallantly  
and politely said, lifting his hat most defer-  
entially.

"Now he had been foremost among the  
original oglers—the very first simpation of  
them all."

"Thank you, sir," she replied, "but I pre-  
fer to sit beside my husband."

Thus with the same stone she killed that  
culture-bird and the dove-mate whom she  
had undertaken to instruct as to the philo-  
sophy of male gallantry.—*Cincinnati En-  
quirer*.

## A Parliamentarian.

The negro chairman of a convention  
which recently met in Little Rock rendered  
an important decision. During a clamor  
for recognition, the chairman said:

"Let de cheer—let de cheer rule on dat  
pint. De cheer rule dat two german  
kain talk at de same time. One german  
man talk, an' arter he gits dun, de udder  
german he ken talk."

"Who's got de flo?" demanded a dele-  
gate.

"Neber mine who's got de flo." Keep on  
er axin your unpoverpmenty questions and  
yer e'll hab de flo—hab all o' hit dat yer  
kin kiver. I takes dis hear melef fuz ter  
'nounce myself de nominee fuz kounty judge.  
All in faber o' de measure will make it  
known by sayin' 'I, and dogs opposed will  
please gin up dar seats to pusses what's  
got more sense. De I's hab it.'—*Arkansas  
Traveler*.

There are 330 colleges and universities  
in the United States, of which only twenty  
four have more than 250 students, and only  
seventeen have more than twenty teachers.

Eddie Bunnell, living near Courtland,  
Sacramento county, Cal., aged six years  
and three months, weighs 107 pounds.

Lundborg's Portume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Portume, Marechal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Portume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Portume, Lily of the Valley.

## DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Com-  
plaints, Constipation, and all disorders  
arising from an impure state of the blood.  
To women who suffer from any of the above  
troubles, or to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All  
Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr.  
David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

## FEARFULLY COMMON.

Kidney Complaint Among both Sexes and Ages—A  
Brilliant Recovery.

There is something startling in the rapid increase  
of kidney diseases among the American people within a  
few years past. Many causes peculiar to certain classes  
tend to produce and aggravate these troubles, as, for  
example, careless living, overwork, and exposure. Dr.  
David Kennedy of Rondout, N. Y., is often congratulated  
for the exceptional success of his medicine called  
FAVORITE REMEDY in arresting and radically curing  
these most painful and dangerous disorders. Proofs of  
this like the following are constantly being sent to him  
and are published by him for the sake of the thousands  
of other sufferers whom he desires to reach and  
benefit. The letter therefore, may be of vital  
importance to our countrymen whom you know. It  
is from one of the best known and popular druggists in  
the fine and growing city from which he writes—and  
doubtless where those may find Mr. Crawford at his  
place of business on the corner of Main and Union Sts.:  
Sarasville, Mass., March 21, 1884.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:—  
Dear Sir: For ten years I had been afflicted with  
kidney trouble of the most acute form. What I suffered  
must be left to the imagination, for no one can appreciate  
it except who have gone through it. I resorted to  
many physicians and to many different kinds of  
treatment, and spent a great deal of money, only to find  
myself older and worse than ever. I may say that I used  
25 bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific  
for this precise sort of troubles, and found it entirely  
useless, at least in my case.

Your FAVORITE REMEDY—I say it with a perfect  
recollection of all the most acute forms of kidney trouble,  
is the only thing that did me the slightest good; and I am  
happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have  
recommended FAVORITE REMEDY to many people for  
kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying  
that Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY  
has not its equal in the wide world for this distressing  
and often fatal complaint.

Use this letter as you deem best for the benefit of  
others.  
Yours, etc. LYMAN CRAWFORD.

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FINE TEAS AND COFFEES A SPECIALTY.